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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 111.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME IX. will be issued next week.

PUCKOGRAPH No. 6,

BY
JOSEPH KEPPLER,

which accompanies this number as a gratuitous supplement, is that of

T. L. JAMES,

THE MAN WHO STAMPED OUT THE STAR
ROUTE FRAUDS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THROUGH the poor thin ghost of autumn we can already see the skeleton of winter. The wind-pierced gossamer of the Fall overcoat suggests memories of last winter's ulster. The ghastly trees in the parks have quite given over playing at Summer, and with the few dull and dusty leaves that yet cling to them are vainly trying to persuade us that Autumn is still in the land. The water of our morning bath has a chill solidity about it that keeps us shivering on the oil-cloth for a few moments of most irrational hesitation. The boundless, overflowing glory of the Summer sunsets is narrowed down to meagre strips and bands of pale green and orange and lurid crimson, that glare above the horizon for a little space, and then veil themselves in a dim twilight. A straw hat looks as lonely as a strawberry in an April short-cake. The wind whistles down the cold chimneys and blows about the smoke and wavering flame of the first fires of the season. Autumn has gone over the hill to join Summer. May it chance only that it takes no more with it than the coming snows will cover! Summer hopes and Summer friendships, Summer loves and Summer songs—the old earth will hide a deal of dead happiness under the white ulster it will try on next month!

As the leaves fall from the trees, so fall laurel and bay-leaf from the brow of Tammany. Every late unstable tuft of foliage ought to remind Mr. John Kelly of the change that is in store for all things earthly. For him the season is full of symbolic portents. This chill wind, that was but now so especially and peculiarly chill outside the doors of the Albany Convention, should whisper to him of the hurricane that is coming up slowly to blow him and many other political dead leaves from the face of the earth—to blow away “bosses” and “halls” and “patronage” and all the useless truck of our political system, and leave the ground clear for a more healthy and profitable growth. The fatuity of the typical Democrat is often a subject for more or less merry jest in the columns of Republican journals; and there is much reason for this contemptuous levity. But surely even the dullest Bourbon brain must see that the Republic is at hand—the true republic,

the Government for the people and by the people.

It is really no great satisfaction to anybody to see Mr. John Kelly eating the pungent leek of humiliation at the bidding of his insulted fellow-democrats. Nobody desires Mr. Kelly's personal abasement. He is a man to be respected for much misdirected earnestness and ambitious devotion to a bad cause. He is not a brilliant man, by any means; but he is a sort of Bourbon General Grant, stubborn, persevering, hard-working. His qualities would have made him great had they had worthier occupation. There would be no good in his defeat and degradation were it not that in his person a bad principle is crushed to the ground. He represents the bad element in American politics; the element of selfishness, of unscrupulous ambition, of base desire, which has made statesmanship a trade, instead of a science and a religion. We rejoice that Mr. Kelly has met with a set-back, because his discouragement is encouragement to men of nobler aims.

In that good day whose dawn seems now not so far distant, when we may look for honest politicians and a just government, the young men who grow up to serve their country will value the counsel and guidance of those few of the old school who have kept clean hands in these dirty times; who know the tricks of the thieves, though they never shared in the booty. We say “the few;” we mean the few; the very few. One of these has a niche in Puck's gallery of fame this week. It is our sincere hope that Mr. T. L. James may be spared to teach two or three generations how to do the people's business honestly and well; to give suckling statesmen the benefit of the experience he gained in the New York post-office, and put to use in a wider sphere. And when he dies—may it be in the fullness of years and honor!—let him announce himself at the portals of immortality as the man who gave New York a good post-office and who stamped out the Star Route frauds, and let him show the PUCKOGRAPH that goes with this number—and it will be all right.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., has at last arrived here. His mission is very much the same as was that of Mr. Parnell, at present very properly a prisoner in Kilmainham Jail, Ireland. Mr. Parnell did not obtain a very extensive amount of sympathy in this country for the cause he represented. It will be remembered that many people looked upon him as an egregious nuisance, and that Puck raised a subscription for the purpose of procuring him a steerage passage back to his native land, of which he failed to take advantage, being guilty of the extravagance of returning home first-class. Mr. Parnell was not wanted here at all. As a matter of fact, we had no use for him. Still less use have we for Mr. O'Connor, who has ventured across the Atlantic, hat in hand, to beg for funds to carry on in Ireland the outrageous and cowardly proceedings peculiar to the Land League.

Ireland is never ashamed to appear in the character of a beggar; but even kind-hearted Americans are getting tired of her importunities. She is for ever crying out against England's traditional tyranny, and, except in committing a lot of brutal murders, never does anything to shake off the hated yoke. Mr. Gladstone and the British Parliament have shown an earnest desire to redress Irish grievances. The Land Bill is much more than the Irish people deserved, and yet they are not satisfied; or, rather, the illogical and monomaniacal agitator, Mr. Parnell, will not permit his misguided followers to cease agitation and give the new law

a fair trial. Mr. Parnell says frankly that he is determined to accept no concessions short of a separate national government for Ireland. There is no special objection to his soaring to this dizzy height, for there is no more chance of his obtaining what he desires than there is for Pennsylvania, or even New Jersey, to secede from the Union to-morrow.

Mr. Parnell has been striving after the unattainable, and the result of his Quixotic efforts is a presumably comfortable cell in Kilmainham jail. Whatever the faults of Great Britain may be, she is not a fool. There is no reason why she should break herself up by allowing the Irish to perform the farce of governing themselves. They are no more fit to do it than are deaf and dumb children to play Shakspeare. A pretty state of things it would be for the enormous interests of Great Britain to be imperiled because two statesmen of her independent neighbor had undertaken to settle their differences with shot-guns or shillelahs; and this would, no doubt, be the chronic condition of affairs. The people of Ireland, when they behave themselves, have as much constitutional liberty as the people of England or the people of Scotland. They are well represented in the British House of Commons, as Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet know, to their cost. All the obstruction, all the trouble, all the useless talk in Parliament must be put down to the noisy, turbulent and impracticable members from Irish constituencies.

It was, indeed, high time that Mr. Parnell was arrested. Patience and forbearance on the part of the British Government had ceased to be virtues. Here was a man haranguing lawless mobs day after day—urging them to disobey the law and tacitly approving of all kinds of disgraceful outrages. If the new Land Act is a bad one, Mr. Parnell has a perfect right to express his opinion and agitate legitimately for a better one; but he has no right to incite people to disobedience of the law. This is what he has been doing all the time, and now he suffers the consequences of his conduct. Among a certain class of Irishmen here, there is a great deal of noisy sympathy for Mr. Parnell. But it does not go much further than tall talk. All the freedom and independence that Ireland will get from Irishmen in America will not do much towards placing that country among the “free” nations of the earth.

We have given full play to our fancy in our centre cartoon, exhibiting the military display before our French and German visitors as it might be. It is not much that we have to say about the occasion that has brought them here. It is, as everybody knows, the Yorktown Centennial. We venture to think that the centennial business is considerably overdone. The Fourth of July ought to cover everything. America, of course, did achieve its independence, and did it by a series of victories, but we fail to see the necessity of centennially celebrating every one of them. Our guests, if they are not wholly destitute of humor, must be very much inclined to laugh at us. Perhaps there may be some excuse for inviting the Frenchmen, whose ancestors helped us, of their own full will and accord, a hundred years ago, to come here, but the reason for the von Steubens' presence is not so clear. The von Steuben military delegation are only collateral descendants of the baron, who, a hundred years ago, was so well paid for fighting with us, and are, consequently, not descendants at all. Nevertheless, we are at all times glad to welcome distinguished military foreigners to our shores, and to show them our naval and military power and other curiosities.

A VERY MUCH LEFT YOUNG MAN.

"Yes," said Miguel Einstein to his own soul: "something has got to be done about this thing. There is no solid satisfaction to be had out of cavorting around a hall-bedroom and yanking hair out of a head whose desert paucity of hirsute attraction counsels economy in a voice that even the madness of love must heed. Neither is a monastery any good. You've got to have the means to meet your wash-bill, besides a truly devotional spirit. I might become an outlaw; but an outlaw is liable to get hurt, and the emoluments are irregular. I am in a patent noiseless copper-fastened blue-grass machine-sewed quandary."

For a tempest of unrequited love raged in the bosom of Miguel Einstein. The thought of a hated rival filled his spirit with bitterness. The other man was getting away with him even as the hurricane of the boundless West gets away with a loose piece of cigarette-paper. This was largely because the other man had more hair and less bone than Miguel Einstein.

Miguel was not built for a gallant cavalier. His moustache was spasmodically bristly, with areas of baldness and barometrical depression. His brain was bulgy, and so were his eyes; but his chest bulged the wrong way. His eyebrows were of the same color as his freckles—a tender underdone buckwheat-cake hue. Altogether, his soul was great, but his person was not imposing, and he couldn't travel far on his soul.

He felt now that a crisis had come, and he made up his mind to take that crisis by its front hair and twist it around to his own advantage.

That very day Miguel Einstein had seen his hated rival, Prendergast Wilkins, swing the fairy form of Angiola de Throckmorton up to the rear platform of a bounding bobtail car. And when the feat was done, the mean-spirited Wilkins, caitiff as he was, had basely gloated over the discomfiture of the hapless Miguel, standing leftfully on the curb-stone, by crooking his right arm and slapping the muscle thereof with the other, as much as to say:

"Don't you wish you could hyst a hundred and eighty pounds like that?"

For this it was that the reader is introduced to Miguel Einstein doing the pelican business with his hair.

"But I will eternally circumvent him," soliloquized Miguel: "I have not muscle; but ere another moon waltzes her silvery sickle through the azure skies, I will have all the science that is to be got out of a Professor of the Manly Art of Self-Defence at seventy-five cents an hour."

His resolve was taken.

"O Angiola!" he cried, dropping on one knee and addressing vacancy or a chromo of the Old Oaken Bucket on the wall—his landlady, who was looking in over the transom could not tell which: "O Angiola, but wait until I show thee my prowess. Wait until in thy presence I biff the low Prendergast, fetch him a clip under the ear, catch him on the conch, wipe him across the jaw and generally disarrange him. Just you wait."

Angiola waited.

Miguel Einstein was a man of action. The morrow saw him knocking at the door of the Professor of the Manly Art of Self-Defense, for 'twas Saturday, and likewise pay-day, and the store closed early. Miguel Einstein closed it.

In ten minutes Miguel had stripped himself for his first lesson in the manly art of self-defense. It was as well that he did so. Otherwise he might have spoilt his clothes.

The Professor was what is technically known as a slugger. He took Miguel gently by the hand and led him into the centre of the room.

Then the lesson began.

It began right under Miguel's left eye; then

it ironed out his nose, and then it meandered over the rest of his face. Then the lesson got in on his chest and reduced his lungs to pulp, and then pounded the pulp into an etherial haze, so that Miguel felt that all the interior of his body north of his diaphragm was merely a bloody chasm.

Then the Professor bent down and caught some sand on his glove and spread it over Miguel's cheek until he looked like a brown-stone-front butcher-shop. Then he biffed him into all the four corners of the room successively, and then into all four at once.

Then the lesson ended. Miguel paid the Professor his guerdon without a murmur. Miguel had had a rather longish hour of it for seventy-five cents.

* * *

He emerged into the street as soon as he was sufficiently court-plastered not to be mistaken for an abattoir.

There he encountered Angiola, coming home from the matinée on the arm of Prendergast Wilkins.

Angiola started and stared and said: "Oh, my!" and giggled.

Prendergast Wilkins smiled Mephistophishly.

With a howl of baffled rage, Miguel Einstein leaped into a passing stage and deposited in the box a nickel with a hole in it. As the chariot whirled past the smiling lovers, he heard the demoniac Wilkins say:

"Yes, Angy, I had to hit him a kinder hard; but I wouldn't have mashed him up like that if he hadn't spoken sassy about you."

The stage-driver called down to blaspheme about the bad nickel; but it was no use.

Miguel Einstein had fainted.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

AS ELECTION day draws nigh,
Doth the little fellow shy
Around the street, and then he shouts and carols
When he spies before some door
Garbage-boxes three or four
And half-a-dozen able-bodied barrels.

WHILE THE leaves in the forest begin to flutter,
And whirl in the glow of a leaden sky,
All around the gold of the fragrant butter,
We detect no buzz of the summer fly,
Nor around the pie.
For that fly has gone, and he, likely, strays
In a realm that is reeking with yesterdays.

While the Indian Summer is gently treading
In her number sevens o'er nature's lap,
We see no mosquito swiftly heading
Unto our nose for a midnight tap.
That buzzful chap,
With the summer fly, most likely, strays
In a realm that is reeking with yesterdays.

Around the lily's snowy cup
The robin's parting song is sung,
While green persimmons pucker up
The juvenile tongue.

Now, while no blue-bird flits across the lin,
And all the landscape's getting bald and flat,
Sir Launcelot buys a nobby Derby hat—
If he can raise the necessary tin.

THERE was an old man in Dubuque,
Who each month *Scribner's Magazine* tuque;
When he read of the Sioux,
Who sail in canoues,
He laughed till he verily shiouque.
For he saw, at the very first luque,
That it was taken from Puck's funny nuque;
But he couldn't refiouxs,
Having paid up his diouxs,
To laugh at the foemen of Cruque.

Puckeringings.

MORE MONOPOLY!—Wm. H. Vanderbilt had a "corner" in flames last week.

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS will certainly give more weight to the temporary Presidency of the Senate than Senator Bayard.

THE FLY begins to desert the window-pane and dinner-table to get a snug corner in the kitchen, just over the stove-pipe.

SOME SARCASTIC person, who may have been hived there, alludes to Fort Lafayette as a toy, narrow-gauge, small-pica Coliseum.

THE MISTAKE that the Cornell crew made was in not securing the services of "Iroquois" and "Foxhall" as stroke and bow-oars.

THIS being about the annual advent of the grape-season, the residents of the rural districts are getting their shooting irons in order.

WE NEVER heard the mosquito spoken of as a Romeo; but, at the same time, it must be universally admitted that he is generally mashed.

IT WAS very inconsiderate of Mr. Gladstone to arrest Mr. Parnell. Half of our daily amusing reading of English cable news is thus swept away.

THE BRITISH LION is now thoroughly aroused, and Ireland will be effectually sat upon. The Land Leaguers have been shooting foxes in that Elysium.

MR. JOHN KELLY declines to speak on the recent action of the Democratic State Convention in excluding the Tammany delegates. This is a case wherein silence does not give consent.

PARNELL SYMPATHIZERS in New York say that there will be no violent demonstrations. This is kind. The citizens of New York showed their objection to violent demonstrations on the 12th July, 1871.

A VERY careful father didn't bring the New York *Sun*, of Tuesday last week, home to his wife and daughters, because there was a notice in it that Queen Victoria had sent her much-prized garter to King Alphonso of Spain.

WHAT CAN Mr. Cyrus W. Field be thinking about? Why didn't he personally invite to take part in the Yorktown celebration the descendants of Lord Cornwallis and Mr. Al. Edward of Wales, as representative of Mr. George III.?

THERE is still an upward movement in Confederate bonds. There is yet plenty of room for them to be knocked much higher than a kite while there are comets with long tails meandering about the firmament to catch on by.

OHIO WILL be again Republican, and Foster will be Governor. We will bet on this. This prediction was intended for last week; but we, unlike most of our Democratic contemporaries, think it safer to prophecy after the question has been decided.

THERE is not much of a sensation in the news about David Davis's election, "Iroquois's" defeat, and Parnell's incarceration; but it would be an astonishingly big thing if David Davis had beaten "Bend d'Or" for the Champion Stakes, "Iroquois" had been arrested for libeling Her Majesty at Dublin, and Parnell had been elected President *pro tem.* of the U. S. Senate.

BY THE SEA.

AN OCTOBER IDYL.

O tranquil time, when billows don
A deeper blue, and all is bland,
No book of blue-and-gold I con,
I hold no lady's snowy hand:
I'm simply stretched at ease upon
The sand.

The soldier crab upon me winks
At decent distance in the sun,
Then down beside the water slinks,
Comes back again on nervous run,
Falls down, and rolls around, and thinks
It's fun.

I see the dory on the swell,
I see the porpoise, brusque, uncouth;
And I am feeling pretty well,
And in a lazy mood, forsooth—
In poetry I always tell
The truth.

While tender dreams my fancies win,
And some dead face my spirit woos,
The happy sea-gulls raise the din
Of fifty thousand cockatoos;
And then the sand creeps softly in
My shoes.

The summer's gone, no lovers coo
And bill along the shining strand;
Or with a cane, as lovers do,
Their names embroider on the sand,
And linger round, and listen to
The band.

That pair are gone—perhaps they're wed,
And living in a Harlem flat,
Within whose walls are daily shed
The purrings of a homeful cat—
A dreamy beast, who's over-fed
And fat.

Like them I'll leave, and with dispatch.
Because the clouds betoken rain:
Farewell to castles white a batch,
Located probably in Spain
Or somewhere else—I want to catch
The train. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE ORDER OF THE LIVER-PAD.

Mrs. Molony, the popular washerwoman of Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, having amassed a colossal fortune through the medium of an article to be known as the wash-board of the future, decided to celebrate the happy event in some fitting manner.

She resolved, therefore, to invest Denis Mulcahy, the theoretical pig-raiser of Shillelahtown in the parish of Cashelotod, d'ye moind, with the Order of the American Liver-pad.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the reasons that induced Mrs. Molony to confer this high distinction on the illustrious Denis Mulcahy. She simply follows the example of the British Government, which has recently forwarded, under circumstances of great pomp, to King Alfonso, the Order of the Garter, with a host of noblemen and gentlemen to properly adjust it on Alf's august body.

The American Liver-pad, sent by Mrs. Molony for Denis Mulcahy, was especially manufactured by Tiffany & Co., regardless of expense. It is made of purple velvet of the finest quality. It is shield-shaped and about a foot wide, and two long. Around the edge is a heavy fringe of gold, and in the centre is a marvel of the art of metallic embroidery, as well as one that will get away with all the connoisseurs this side of Jordan, including Mr. Ruskin and the late John Kelly.

The design represents a pig and an eagle playing "seven up," and is intended to be symbolic of the harmony and warm brotherly feeling existing between the United States and Ireland. The pig's nose may be a little too oval and operaglassesque to warm the public heart, but the eagle will not fail to monopolize the enthusiasm of both hemispheres. He is represented standing on one foot, holding the cards in the other, ready at a moment's notice

to slap down a Jack with his wing, and yank the pot with his bill. Beside them lie two shields bearing respectively the legends: The Constitution, and "How to Become an Alderman; by wan av the min." A little south-west of the pig there is an oppressed potato-eater letting a dose of number nine shot into Milud of Ballyskillen, I want to know, and on the cards lying around are records of various Hibernian triumphs in this country. On the top corners appear the arms of the Molony-Mulcahy families. A rich gold chain is attached to go around the neck of the owner. It is pronounced a gem of art in every way. The overshoes and porous plaster which accompany it are also fitting specimens of their skill in this line.

The special envoys appointed by Mrs. Molony to carry the magnificent insignia to Ireland consisted of Mr. Pat Muldoon, of Baxter Street; Mr. Bryan O'Lynn, of the East River; Mr. Mick McGrath, of the Street-cleaning Bureau; Mr. Barney O'Toole, of Tammany Hall; Mr. Timothy Murphy, the veteran of the Eleventh Avenue Corps of Longshoremen; Ex-Alderman Fergus McFlattery; Larry O'Snifkin, a defeated candidate for janitor of the Morgue; and Owney Mulligan, who is prepared to fight any man in the world at a hundred and twenty-five pounds.

There were also a number of less distinguished individuals who followed in the train of the delegation of descendants of kings to obey Mrs. Molony's behests.

After a stormy passage, during which great havoc was made with the whiskey, and all the spare spars on board broken up for shillelahs, the steamer reached Queenstown, and the noble envoys were received by a large concourse of excited people, and a representative of the Mulcahy himself. The procession was an imposing spectacle. Her Majesty's 4-11-44th Foot headed the line, followed by a number of carriages containing a lively assortment of Irish peers. Then came the Consolidated Gutter-snipes of Cork, playing Garryowen; and then the Independent Order of Free and Accepted Boycotters marched along, with solemn but majestic stride.

The procession moved to the depot, where the first train was taken for Shillelahtown, where it arrived after a short, quick ride through a lovely piece of country. The Mulcahy cabin displayed lots of bunting, and the Mulcahy pig grunted proudly, with a delicate pink fillet on his caudal appendage.

On the arrival all hands took a dhrop of the cratur, and then they took another round, after which congratulations were showered upon the person to be made the recipient of a broad-gauge honor. Then Fergus McSnifkin took his stand upon a whiskey barrel and made the presentation speech, which throbbed with poetry and eloquence, and expressed a fervent hope that the good feeling existing between the two countries would increase with time.

Mr. Mulcahy was overcome at first and seemed greatly embarrassed; but delivered a neat reply. Both speeches were in French, and occupied almost half an hour. After this, the Liver-pad, overshoes and porous plaster were hung around the neck of the delighted Mr. Mulcahy, and then they pitched in and had an old-fashioned shindig, during which all got blind merry. Then there was a free fight, in which a lady had her proboscis disarranged, and one man laid him down and died. It is believed this demise was intentional, in order that there might be a wake in the evening, and thus properly wind up an event never to be forgotten in the history of Ireland, and which knocks King Alfonso's garter presentation much higher than a kite.

THE DON'T-FAIL-TO-REGISTER-WAGON.

While down the street it wildly steers,
And sounds its weird alarm,
The Turk of Tammany howls and cheers
For Kelly and "refarrum."

BEATEN AT LAST.

A BARBER on 42nd Street, who has a wide reputation for extolling all oils, pomades, metallic combs, etc., that he has for sale, met a friend on 6th Avenue a day or two ago.

"You are looking very sad and lonesome," began the latter.

"Am I?" sarcastically replied the poll-yanker.

"Yes, you are; you seem all broken up. Why are your looks such a combination of woe and disappointment?"

"I have just been shaving a dead man."

THE WATER CURE.

There was an old man in Duquesne,
And he got very full of champuesne,
So they pumped on his head
Till the old fellow said:

"Hold up! or you'll wash out my bruesne!"

THE RED-HANDED PRODIGAL.



"THE APACHE TROUBLE IS OVER!"—Vide Army Report.

LES HOMMES QUI RIENT.

In days when Little Nap was Great,
Ere yet Omniscience had blundered,
And Hugo kept his exiled state
And with the Channel-rollers thundered,
They called us—and the nickname took
Better than most of pavement chaff—
A name robbed from his latest book:
"The men who laugh."

We laughed, as love, they say, at locks
(The ones the P. D. settles for,
At knocks, or blue-blouse pavement knock,
Or deputies upon our door.
We laughed like very kings at pawns,
At pledges like elected members,
Of our effects what going gones
Old five per cent. a month remembers!
Yet conscience killed each Saturday,
For erring self the fatted calf,
And so we kept our *sobriquet*:
"The men who laugh."

The men who laugh! God knows how soured,
And no one else, I trust, how poor,
With debts consolidated dowered,
Of revenues, of duns secure:
Their struggles like the frog within
The well—who further fell by half
Each leap—'twas no light name to win—
"The men who laugh."

Old friend, perhaps the counsel of
The Board—what is 't?—of apple-stands?
Laughs yet. You grip the rounds above:
Those shoulder high employ my hands.
But, somehow, to this land of mine,
Bohemia—or Alsatia—is it?
Our brother god to him of wine
Pays every week a briefer visit.
And as the stealthy lustres steal
With swifter step and deeper craft,
I'm growing more and more, I feel,
The man who laughed. A. E. WATROUS.

COLD LATHER.

One morning last week a man went into a barber shop up-town, and measured himself on the chair for a shave. As soon as the barber put the brush on his face, he winced a little, and remarked:

"Any one could tell by that lather that election is drawing nigh, and assurances of roast gobbler are bosomed upon every idle breeze."

"How's that?" exclaimed the tonsorial genius.

"Why, because it's so cold!" responded the hamfatical tragedian, who had just returned from a successful tour of the jaybird towns. "Why don't you boil your foam in this kind of weather?"

"That's so," chipped in another customer: "why don't you boil your foam and put a little nutmeg on the top; as soon as I struck it, I thought I was out skating. Have you a Polar bear or so around the place?"

"A Polar bear?" inquired the barber, in surprise.

"Certainly, a Polar bear; it's cold enough in here to justify the query. I was just looking around a moment ago to see if you had any Arctic expedition tangled up in the ice."

"He's too mean to buy coal, that's what's the matter with him," yelled another man. "He's about as mean as a barber I used to know up in the country; he would never buy oil to shave by at night."

"How did he manage about the light?" inquired an amber-headed cub, who was waiting to have his hair cut.

"Why, he'd get a light by fastening a fire-fly on his nose with shoemaker's wax!"

"Must have been rather spasmodic illumination," said the tragedian.

"Well, rather," continued the other: "but he didn't mind that. He didn't ask any questions, or make any revelations, and that generally made up for a lack of light. He went out into the suburbs in a wagon twice a week and

ANOTHER PRESIDENT WHO HAD A RISE IN THE WORLD.



"FROM THE TOE-PATH TO THE WHITE HOUSE."

rang a bell for custom. One day he shaved all the employees of a big florist, and when he got through they asked him if he would take his pay in hyacinths, assuring him they were worth a quarter a piece."

"Did he take it?" asked the cub-in-amber mentioned above.

"Yes, he took it on the spot; and the next day he was about the maddest man in Christendom."

"How was that?"

"Why, when he went to sell them, he found they were onions."

At this highly proper moment the last man was "finished," and the barber cleared the place to close for the night.

TO SYDNEY SUTHERLAND.

SAY, friend, your sonnet's good, but curse your taste.

We'll grant the lady's wise, sweet-tempered, chaste:

But I'll be—typo, here a brace of dashes—
If eye-brows on a lip are not moustaches.

CAPTAIN FRACASSE.

AN IRONICAL MOTTO.

ON one of the cars of the special train which brought the most shining lights of the New York Democracy to the Albany State Convention, there was the following motto inscribed:

TAMMANY HALL DESIRES A UNITED DEMOCRACY
FROM THE ATLANTIC TO LAKE ERIE.

"That's so," one of the biggest men of the Irving Hall faction sarcastically remarked: "yes, boys, I tell you, John Kelly and his Tammany loafers desire this union stretched as far as the middle of Lake Erie, and to erect there a kind of floating Democratic dog-pound."

And then a good many red-nosed members of the Irving Hall and County Democracy nodded approval, and for the next five minutes closer interviews were held with the gin bottles than at any previous time of this political pilgrimage.

THE new Czar of Russia is, in the language of "Patience," a knout of the way young man.

A NOBLE DEED.

FROM THE MSS. OF A HUMANE LADY.

It happened in the early autumn, when Nature, with her invisible paint-brush and bucket, had begun to tinge the forest leaves with streaks of red and gold. There was that subtle something in the keen, bracing air that makes one happy and yet sad—that causes the soul to yearn for it knows not what.

One morning I awoke, and, looking wistfully out of the window, I saw that a light frost was on the ground. Rousing myself from the reverie into which I had fallen, for the floor was uncommonly cold to my bare feet, I hastily donned my clothes and descended to the kitchen. There I noticed with pain that the flies clung to the ceiling nearly chilled to death. I missed, more than words can tell, the merry buzz with which they were wont to hail my coming each morning of the mellow summer.

One gold-hued beauty, particularly the object of my commiseration, was directly above a pan of dish-water that had been placed on the table the night before.

Try as I would to prepare breakfast, I could not. I was continually haunted by the fear that he would fall from his dizzy height and be drowned.

And my worst fears were realized; for, in moving his stiff, cold limbs, he lost his feeble hold and fell down—down—down! Pale and trembling, I turned my eyes away, for I could not endure the horrible sight. Nevertheless, I heard the body strike the water with a sickening thud!

Nearly fainting, I shrieked for my husband, and, in what appeared to be an age to me, he rushed into the kitchen *deshabillé*. In incoherent sentences I told him all.

For a moment—but no more—he faltered. Then a sudden resolution lit up his dark, handsome face that almost glorified him, and seizing a half-burned match that fortunately happened to be near, he cast it into the water. The little struggling creature grasped it and floated safely to a side of the pan, where loving hands tenderly rescued it from its unfortunate position and placed it on the red-hot stove to dry.

MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A POETIC SCHEME.

He was an angular, slim man, with sand-colored features, and a nose that slanted down like a cellar-door. He had the Oscar-Wildest look in his eye that was ever seen off the stage. He shuffled into the beer-saloon with a timid tread, and when he rested his elbows on the counter, he looked as empty as the bird-nests of the year before last. In response to the usual demand, "What do you want?" he responded:

"It was on a pleasant evening, in the city of Mobile, When I wandered to the theatre—the drama was 'Camille';"

The consumptive part was acted by a very reigning belle, Who was languishing and lovely, while her name was very swell."

"Well?" broke in the beer-pumper, when the caller put on a single-barreled eye-glass and continued:

An appreciative audience the house completely packed, And the people all applauded with their pedals while they claqued;

But they seemed bereft of pleasure, and to tearland they were off, When that beauty capped the climax with her little patent cough."

"Did I understand you to say beer?" inquired the bar-tender, with a patronizing air.

The bard, not noticing his interruption in the least, but appearing thoroughly fired by the subject in hand, took down his glass and went on:

Then a horny-handed citizen arose upon his seat, And he murmured to that audience, in language chaste and sweet, While he listened to the treble of her histrionic hack, Which in volume seemed quite strong enough to dislocate her back:

"Come, come, hurry up; I don't want any of your infernal theatrical epics in mine. What was it you ordered?"

And the poet rose haughtily to his utmost inch, and majestically squalled:

"Now, if ever with that style of hack you think you're going off,

One word—before too late, pray take my Oil of Malakoff. It's the best thing in the market—I am talking, gals and gents; But be sure and take it early—of all druggists, fifty cents."

"What are you going to drink?"

"Are you treating?" asked the poet.

"No!"

"Not for that grand poem?"

"No."

"Then I'll skip out."

Which he did, just missing a chance to have a free ride to the hospital; for a bung-starter flew over his head with all the miscellaneous go of a carrier-pigeon. Then the bar-tender walked back, only to discover that while he was engaged listening to the poet's tale, a confederate of the latter had meandered out with the contents of the free-lunch counter in his pocket.

R. K. M.

AFTER THE "F. C. D. C." BALL.

From the laughter, the music, the dancing of feet,
That have hastened the hours along,
Adown to the sombre and snow-covered street,
Streams a silken and sumptuous throng.

While I, with the dregs of a different class—
With the homeless lost children of woe—
From the gutter stand back, till patricians may pass
To their carriages out of snow.

Yet for me shines a star high athwart the wan space
Of the cloud of night-wanderers there—
A radiant, sensitive, fair woman's face,
Golden-crowned in her marvelous hair.

Ah! star of my life, 'twas a far other day
When first o'er my being you shone;
But I yield you, as then and for ever, the sway
That has ruled me for ever your own.

You are standing aloof from the men of your kind,
Who have taken your hand in the dance:
As of old, your blown hair, in the buffeting wind,
Shows an eager, imperious glance.

Are you waiting some vassal's approach to you there?
Or, perchance, one to claim you his bride?
Out of all the world, it is I—that I swear—
Should alone come to stand at your side.

Dare I fathom the seemingly fathomless well
Here between us, and hazard the line
Of enviroing menial, of insolent swell,
And proclaim you for ever mine?

Could you fail to acknowledge me? Year after year
You have taken my soul and my all—****
*** I will venture! despite them, make claim to you here,
By Heaven! in face of them all.

At the thought, I give scope to the desperate will,
And I reach her—**** and all is o'er. ****
But stay! Let me mention, to fill up the bill,
That I'd married her years before.

And perhaps I should add to the fact of our marriage
That with her I'd danced at the ball—
But a moment had left her to hunt up our carriage,
For home—and the baby! That's all! C. C.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXCIV.

THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.



Ya-as, there is an othah of these horrid centenarwies now in pwogwess. I aw wondah when Amerwicans will have had enough of them. Everwy few days they take it into their heads to celebrwate some twisling affai-ah, which they dignify by the name

of an engagement which occurred pwecisely a hundwed ye-ahs ago on the same date.

Some few ye-ahs back they had an exhibition, or something of the sort, at a place called Philadelphi-ah, ne-ah he-ah, in connection with a declarwation of independence; but on this occasion they are making the attempt at a gwand militarwy display, and everwybody who is desirwous of seeing it has to twavel ovah a gwreat distance to see the arwangement.

It appe-ahs that one of our Generwals, who wejoiced in the name of Cornwallis, owing to some aw dweadful mistake on his part, surwenderwed to the Amerwicans at the time they webelled against our wightful authorwity.

This fellaw, Cornwallis, executed this verwy wewpwehensible act at Yorktown, and I suppose we are nevah to he-ah the last of it.

Jack Carnegie, who is verwy well versed in historwy, tells me that some aw Fwenchmen assisted the Amerwican webels in carwyng out their wevolutionarwy ide-ahs, and aw the pwe-sent generwation of Amerwicans actually invited the descendants of the pwogeny of these fellaws to come he-ah and wejoice at the celebrwation.

They arwived and were weceived with extw-ordinarwy demonstwations of welcome. It must be a verwy embarwassing position faw a fellaw to be placed in to be obliged to keep up the dignity of some perwhaps inferwi-ah ancestah who has done something we-markable a hundwed ye-ahs back, and to have to be twotted wound like some pwize bull or othah domestic quadwuped at a cattle show.

Perwhaps the Amerwicans were wight in inviting some of these individuals, especially those whose ancestahs had weally been of some help to them when they unpawtwtotically webelled against Gwreat Bwitain. I wefer to the Fwenchmen, who, at that time, I believe, had a gwudge against England; and some of her misguided childwen thought that the best way of satisfying it was by joining the Amerwicans in their webbellion. But there are half-a-dozen othah men whose aw appearance he-ah is, in my opinion, verwy much uncalled faw.

They are collaterwal descendants of a fellaw named von Steuben, who was a Pwussian barwon or something of the sort, when this Amerwican webbellion took place. He dwilled the waw twoops and made a wespectable soldier. But Jack says he was extwemely well wenumerwated faw all his work, and he did not help General Washington fwom any high-minded or pawwtiotic motive, but simply came ovah because he thought he could obtain employment. He had already twied to get in severah othah forweign services, and had gwreat doubts about venturwng acwoss the Atlantic—in fact, aw, he didn't know where Amerwica was situated.

'Pon my soul, I do think it outwageously absurd to invite such a fellaw's dirwect or indirwect welations, who are a parcel of militarwy officers in the German service. I had an impwession the Amerwicans had better taste aw.

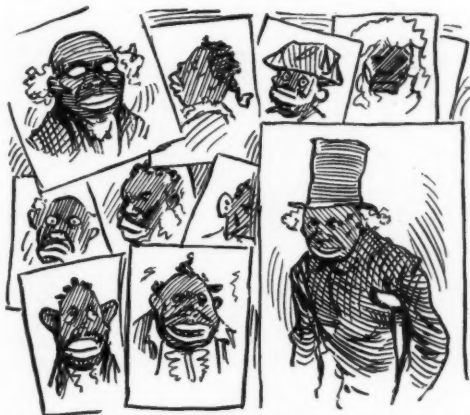
THE NEW CUE.



"MURPHY, CAN YE TELL ME PHWAT'S THIS ANTI-MONOPOLY RACKET THE BOSS IS GIVING US?"

"WELL, MOIKE, O'M DIVOIDED IN ME MOIND MESILF. SURE AN OI THINK IT'S SOMETHIN' BETWANE AN ORANGEMAN AN' A HULLABALLOO—OR THE LOIKES OF THAT."

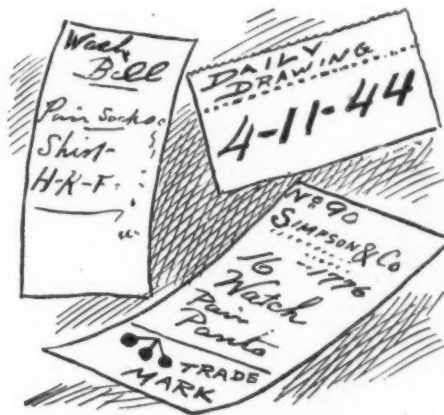
PUCK'S REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

Apropos of the Yorktown Celebration.

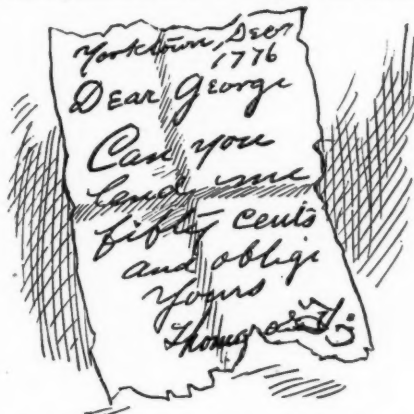
Correct portraits of all of Washington's body-servants.



Shirt supposed to have been worn by Lord Cornwallis.



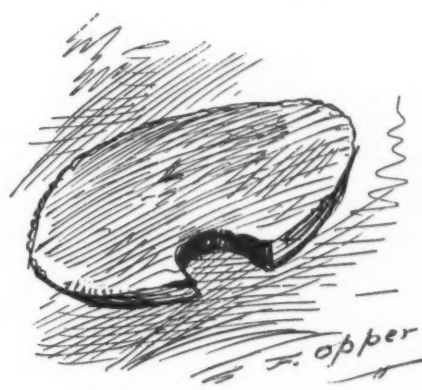
Interesting documents found on a captured British officer.



Private letter to Gen. Washington from one of his friends.



Curious old specimen of revolutionary ammunition.



Petrified pumpkin pie, showing bite taken by Gen. Washington.

DIARY OF AN IRISH LANDLORD.

MONDAY.—Put my head out of the window to see what sort of weather it was. Received a brickbat on my head; scalp wound. Dr. O'Haran dressed it.

TUESDAY.—Thought I would go out and try to collect a little rent. Two bullets fired at me from behind a hedge. One lodged in leg, another in shoulder. O'Haran extracted them. Total collections: seven and sixpence.

WEDNESDAY.—Made up my mind to have a run with the Meath hounds. A most delightful day, and jolly sport. Rode along through a shower of bullets. Seven dogs shot; nine with pitchfork wounds. The fox's head blown off with dynamite. Delightful hoots and groans from tenants, making the run truly exciting. Huntsman's neck most neatly broken by a blow from a billy wielded by an athletic Land-Leaguer. Almost forgot to mention that two of my fingers were shattered by sundry shots from revolvers. O'Haran repaired me, and I sat down to dinner in good spirits.

THURSDAY.—Market day. Drove to town without meeting with any particular adventure, except having my horse killed by a shot fired from behind a rock. Bought another, and went to grocer's for supplies. Would not sell me any; said I had been Boycotted. Asked what for? Was told it was for attempting to collect my rents. Apologized, and begged to be allowed to buy a pound of tea. He wouldn't; said it was more than his life was worth. Borrowed a pound of coffee, and started for home. New horse killed by two shots, and walked to house. Just as I entered the gate twenty-five bullets whizzed by me. Must have been fired by different marksmen.

FRIDAY.—Rose early and took a walk in the

garden to air my wounds. O'Haran remarked that there was plenty of life in me yet. As he spoke a bullet broke my leg. The doctor said that I should probably be well enough to have limb amputated to-morrow. After drinking a cup or two of coffee, went to bed, and slept the sleep of the happy and contented.

SATURDAY.—Amputation very successfully performed. Hobbled out to get a fresh supply of whiskey. Couldn't buy any. Signed the pledge to save myself the trouble of drinking ardent spirits. One of my tenants, Pat Mulroony, paid me half a crown on account. Thanked him, and gave him permission to live rent free for the remainder of his life.

SUNDAY.—O'Haran and I went for a ride. Not an easy thing to sit a horse with one leg. When we returned found house in flames. I am glad of it. I can now go and live in England, and shall be saved trouble of collecting rents.

A bashful young girl named Louisa,
Will never allow you tousquisa;
You never must touch,
Or look at her much,
Which the only way was for touplisa.

A man once took so much quinine,
That he soon grew too thin to buisine;
But a doctor from Chisuick,
Filled him full of quack phisuick,
And soon braced him up all suirine.

A nice little man, at croquet
Would win every game that he'd pluet;
When applauded he'd suet,
In an arrogant wuet:

"When I'm left, it'll be a cold duet!"

LOPNE TENNIS.

FREE-LUNCH.

A LATE euphemistic discovery in a restaurant brings to light the fact that a plate of fish-balls is known, in waiter parlance, as a pair of sleeve-buttons.

THE meanest man on record is one who lives in Harlem. He recently had the plate taken off his grandmother's coffin at the grave, and took it home to be made into a door-plate.

THEY were stopping at the hotel, and he was about leaving her, saying "he would be back in a shake." "Yes," she answered: "as soon as you and the bartender have a shake at the dice-box."

AN Englishman of a good family was hung out West recently. They did not use a rope; they took his name, put a noose in it, threw one end of the rope over a tree, and hung him in short time.

THE Collector of Taxes of a New Jersey town has mysteriously disappeared with his family, leaving behind quite a considerable deficiency in his accounts. The only remarkable thing in this "item" is the fact, that he didn't leave his family behind and disappear with his nice-looking servant-girl. But then, you know, it was in New Jersey.

THERE is a dentist up-town who advertises that he can make a set of teeth for a person in ten minutes. Double sets are set on hinges, and if they don't happen to fit the owner, all he has to do is to grab them and chew his food in his hands; which is not only a novel invention, but one that is very saving on the jaw.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

PUCK'S OWN YOUNG
His Army of Contributors



OWN CELEBRATION.
view Before Our Foreign Guests.

HAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

AGRICULTURAL ADVICE.

For some years past our very E. C., the *Sun*, has enjoyed quite a wide reputation for giving gratuitous advice on almost every subject from Love to the Copernican system of raising pole-beans. The *Sun* kindly uses its valuable space to ease the mind of every suffering man, woman and child in the country, and not only surrenders its space, but not infrequently prints the letters in full, thus affording the writer the pleasure of seeing his matter in type, as well as setting him on his pins by laying down a safe and proper course for him to pursue in order to be happy. The editor of the *Sun* is a man of great versatility, and his knowledge of Icelandic and other languages has earned him an enviable reputation. Hence it would appear perfectly proper for him to regale people with his opinions on anything appertaining thereto, for it is his province. But he furnishes opinions on all matters, and many of them are very amusing from a humorous standpoint. Last week a thing, euphemistically called a man, asked some question in regard to farming, and the editor of the bright paper answered all the queries in a manner which proves him the possessor of a free-and-easy agricultural erudition, quite worthy of the late Horace Greeley.

Thus he becomes the agricultural apostle of the future; and we take pleasure in announcing the fact from one end of the country to the other, that innocent people may not suffer in darkness and ignorance when they want to ascertain the best time to harvest cucumbers, or the most feasible method of converting old army-harness into pump-suckers. No doubt he will keep on until he is cited all over the civilized world as an authority from whom it would be impertinent to appeal; and it is not at all unlikely that, ere long, he will be invited to go to Amherst and accept the Early-Fall-Turnip Chair. This would allow him ample opportunity to immortalize himself, and cause the astute critic of the future to point to him as the greatest and most brilliant agricultural critic of his time, as well as the one upon whose shoulders fell the mantle of the illustrious Horace Greeley.

Answers to the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She wants to be wafted away from this black Aeeldama of sorrow.

ANONYMOUS TERROR IN TROY.—We have read your poem commencing:

"Will you play croquet?"
"No, not to-duet,
For I can not stuet—"

and its beauty has inspired us to compose a rival gem of poetry. It is very brief and touching. We may as well mention that it is an epitaph for your tomb.

TORQUAY.—We like an idiot—a good real old-fashioned blooming idiot, from idiot-ville, an idiot who ramps around and affords amusement; but an idiot who drivels through four columns of sick old paralytic puns isn't worth the price of admission. This isn't personal; we don't mean it for you; but if ever you meet a man who shows you such an article as you have submitted to us, just call his attention to this gentle criticism, will you?

W. F. de V.—We have before this expressed our objection to copying articles from our esteemed contemporaries without proper credit. It is a matter of principle with us—real sound old moral principle, with a club to back it up. You have copied out Mr. Burdette's little story in the Burlington *Hawkeye* in the nicest possible manner; but we can't very well reprint it. You see, our compositors would rather set from print than from manuscript, and then we can save composition by leaving out your name at the end. We can not break a principle, young man; we would break you sooner.

J. LUDLOW.—It may be that there are yet unworked mines of humor in the cat; but we don't much believe it. When we think of the bright young spirits, trustful and tender, that have gone down to a cold and unpleasant oblivion after offering to us puns on cat-egorical, cat-astrophe and cat-alepsy, and similar idiocies, we sometimes sit back and sigh and wonder if the world would

be benefitted by our making a frightful example of one feline humorist and running him through the office sausage-machine in full sight of an indignant populace. Drop in, some day, Mr. Ludlow and we'll try the experiment on you.

JOHN H. POPE.—Your idyll smacks too much of an advertisement for pads in general and, in particular, some friend of yours in the highway business, to admit of our giving it a place in the body of the paper; but we rescue it from oblivion and give it a corner in immortality right here.

THE QUESTION OF PADS.

There are pads for the back and the shoulders,
And pads for the stomach and chest,
While those who habitually wear them
Assert their own pad is the best.

Jack White is a fervent believer
The "Liver Cure" pad has the call.
I think: as a "ready" reliever
The foot-pad surpasses them all.

JOHN H. POPE.

ADMIRING READER.—Your question is one of public interest. We will let the public have the benefit of the answer:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Oct. 12th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Will you kindly insert an answer to the following query in your column for answering correspondents, viz.:

Suggest a compliment, so delicately expressed as not to be *passé*, to intimate to a lady who is corpulent, but wishes to be slender, that you think her reduced in size.

You, with your wonderful command of language, can solve a problem that has proved too much for a number of people; and you, by answering the above, you will greatly oblige an

ADMIRING READER.

A. R., you are right. We have a wonderful command of language, and it is all right here at your disposal. There are lots of neat compliments you can pay to your fat girl. You might say to her, for instance: "Hi, old girl, fat's down, ain't it?" Or you might tenderly slip your arm about her waist, if you have got that far, and observe: "Took in a reef, by gum!" Or, how would it do to say: "Well, it looks as if Anti-Fat had caught on." Then there is the delicate pantomimic way of doing it, without using any language whatever—for instance, you could twist a tape measure airily around her waist and mark off a yard or two with your fingers, as much as to say that her circumference has been reduced that much. But perhaps the best way would be to dodge the subject and make up to a thin girl.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

There's a rift in the clouds and the moon's shining through,
And something about it reminds me of you;
It is not its beauty, though you, too, are fair;
It is not the soft, netted cloud that you wear;
It is not your eyes: I am looking beyond,
Where your soul lies *perdu* in each fathomless pond,
White moonshine, dark cloudlets, and midsummer-blue;
And something about them reminds me of you.

A moment ago, with a pretty conceit,
You spoke of that cloud as the moon's winding-sheet,
And you sighed in the shadow its passage had cast,
Till the steady, soft lustre had triumphed at last,
Then you smiled as the orb passed beyond its control.
To you 'twas a triumph—new birth of the soul;
But to me the rift cloud and the moon shining through
Had only one use—to remind me of you.

For was I alone to have noticed, I wonder,
When first we fared forth, we were scarce asunder—
A something had crept between your heart and mine,
As cold as a cloud and as hard to define?
'Twas nothing, and yet we were drifting apart
And wordless. I battled the chill at my heart;
I ventured a hand-clasp—'twas all I could do—
And the cloudbank was rift and the moonbeams shone through.

For clouds will arise in the clearest of skies,
And doubts will look out of the honestest eyes:
We scarce can define them, we cannot coerce them,
And sometimes nor moonlight nor love can disperse them.
Oh, well for us always could we understand
Such mists pass away with a clasp of the hand.
There's a rift in the clouds and the moon's shining through:
'Twill always remind me of this night and you.

G. H. JESSOP.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE PROFESSOR THEATRE shows no signs of letting up on "Madison Square."

The Hanlon-Lees do not seem to be in the least bit tired, notwithstanding the terrible gymnastic exercises they go through nightly.

"Hazel Kirke" is now at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. We fear it may become there as much of an institution as Plymouth Church.

The Yannanabocke Gasha dancers are at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE, where a very remarkable indescribable Irish comedy is presented.

We observe, by the advertisements in our esteemed contemporaries, that the Mapleson Opera troupe is in New York, and is to give operatic performances at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

As the city fills up with returning citizens and their families to their homes, the demand for seats to see "Patience," at the STANDARD THEATRE, continues, which, so far, is the success of the season.

A high comedy, "with picturesque effects by a most distinguished writer," is announced as being in preparation at DALY'S THEATRE, to succeed Mr. Fawcett's "Americans Abroad."

At HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE Sayre's farcical comedy of "The Strategists" has succeeded "49," the play in which Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin appear to such advantage.

Mr. Barrett concluded his engagement at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE last Saturday night by performing *Cassius* in "Julius Cæsar," his best personation. He has given a full round of his characters, and satisfaction to his admirers. Robson and Crane are at present making the building resound with merriment in "Our Bachelors," and other mirth-provoking pieces.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" has gone on its travels under the Kiralfys' management, and it has been succeeded by the eminent serio-comic comedian Mr. Geo. S. Knight, who appears in "Otto, a German," and by Mrs. Geo. S. Knight, who, in common with most persons of the gentler sex, devotes a good share of her artistic attention to the beautiful costumes she wears.

A grand transformation has taken place. The Metropolitan Concert Hall, at Forty-first Street and Broadway, is now the METROPOLITAN CASINO. A pretty stage and proscenium have been erected, and Catharine Lewis and John Howson are playing "Olivette." There are also promises of novelties. Very sacred concerts are to be given on Sunday nights by P. S. Gilmore's orchestra.

BOOTH'S THEATRE is still devoted to Mr. Booth, who has been showing what he knows about Shakespeare; also, about Tom Taylor in "The Fool's Revenge." In this piece Mr. Booth is at his best. It is not often that one has an opportunity of witnessing such an artistic performance. It leaves nothing to be desired. "King Lear," "Merchant of Venice," and "Katherine and Petruchio," "Richard III." and "Richelieu" are to be performed during this week.

The novel machinery and choice products at the AMERICAN INSTITUTE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, at Sixty-third Street and Third Avenue, prove, as usual, attractive. There are concerts every afternoon at three, and in the evening at eight, under the direction of Mr. M. Arbuckle. Those who desire to become acquainted with the mysteries and miscellaneous alchemy of the international rat-trap, the hydrostatic churn-dasher, and duplex elliptic horse-clipper, should not fail to attend the regular services here.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have no words but those of praise for the *Art Amateur*. The latest number is quite on a par with its predecessors. It is now, without question, the art paper of America.

"House Painting, Carriage Painting, and Graining" is the title of a handsomely bound book, written by John W. Masury, and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. We don't do much painting ourselves, but we can confidently recommend this work to those who do.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XIV.—Our Tramp.

HE was a peripatetic tramp. There are numerous species of the genus tramp. There is the protuberant tramp, whose aldermanic stomach gives the lie to his tongue, and suggests turtle-soup more than it does ham knuckles; there is the proboscidean tramp, whose nose blooms like the one the reporters annexed to the immortal Cronin, when he came East with Oregon and some Eastern greenbacks in his coat-tail pocket; there is the protreptical tramp, who will even persuade you to give him the fifteen cents you had carefully put away in a corner of your pocket to pay for your next drink with; there is the profusive tramp, who will throw away bread made of the best bolted XXXX double refined flour, if you forget to put butter on it or happen to salve it with oilymargarine; and there is the peripatetic tramp, who seems to stroll around in a circle, and to turn up after stated intervals. Our tramp belonged to the last mentioned class.

At one time we were overrun with the creatures. Every sort of tramp patronized my establishment, especially in the morning. In fact I often wondered to whom the strip of land between my gate and the kitchen door really belonged. Nominally, of course, it was mine; and there was a vulgar prejudice in the mind of the landlord that, because I held a lease of the premises, the premises belonged to me. In reality, however, I did not use that strip of land one-tenth as often as the tramps did. Finally I became disgusted with this steady and flourishing run of business in the tramp line. In fact, when I looked around and found that everybody's business had suffered depression, I wanted to have my business depressed too, so that I might be in the fashion. If my neighbors wanted all the hard times, they were simply greedy.

I resolved to investigate this tramp question, to undermine it, as it were, and get at the root of the matter. Somewhere I had read that tramps have a habit of making marks on gate-posts, as guides to their weary fellow-travelers in this vale of sorrow and cold victuals. I took a double-action, centrifugal, centripetal, revolving magnifying glass which my great grandfather had used in the Revolutionary war, and, having placed the gate-post in the focus thereof, I carefully examined that memento of the carpenter's skill. The first post brought nothing to hand, and so I removed my base of operations to the second. Even here I was about to give up in despair, when, up in a corner, tucked away like four or five children in a trundle bed, I discovered the following cabalistic signs:

B. C.

H.

A for C.

I pulled my wide awake down over my eyes, placed my magnifying glass under my arm, and, with my head bowed, walked, while reflecting, to the kitchen-door. As I reached it, the chief engineer of our culinary department opened the door and handed me a plate of cold buckwheat cakes.

"You're too late to have them hot," said she. Cold buckwheat cakes! Was there ever anything worse? They are more disgusting than stale champagne, or second-hand kisses, such as your lovely sister-in-law sends you *via* her mother. Just at that moment the aforesaid chief engineer caught a glimpse of my face, and commenced to snicker. What there could have been funny in the proprietor of the house standing on his own doorstep and holding a plate of cold buckwheat-cakes in his hand, passes my comprehension. However, a thought went booming through my mind. Part of the

mystery had been cleared up. B. C. meant buckwheat-cakes; H. meant hot; but what did the rest of the inscription mean? I entered the kitchen.

"What do you give those tramps besides buckwheat-cakes?" I inquired.

"Oh," answered the girl, "coffee, if they ask for it."

It was as plain as day; A. for C.—ask for coffee. What a mistake the British Museum people made when they neglected to send me to Nineveh and those other places where they are constantly digging up inscriptions, which tell us that everything has happened just as we had supposed it had, that is assuming any fellow really can read those inscriptions, and that those clever chaps who spell them out don't humbug us all.

There was the disease, but what was the remedy? I reflected seriously for a moment. Then I retired to the sitting-room, opened the mouth of a young girl who was visiting us, took therefrom the piece of india-rubber she was masticating, went out and erased those cabalistic letters. Then, with a lead-pencil, I marked in their place as follows:

S. B.

N. C.

He'd be a fool of a tramp indeed, who didn't know that those letters meant stale bread—no coffee.

The thing worked like a charm. I used to sit at the front window and watch the tramps sidle up to the gate-post, glance at the letters, turn up their noses in disgust, and pass the house. Then I knew that I was master of the situation. Whenever that little performance happened, I would get up and go to the mirror in order to see if I looked as smart as I really was. Then I would hug myself as far around as my arms would go. Perhaps you think it would have been simpler for me to have directed my people to refuse to supply the tramps. Probably it would, but there is a sort of mental cussedness in women which would have made them disobey such an order. Besides, the female heart grows tender at the sight of anything dressed in a pair of pantaloons, or even the ragged remnants of a pair of pantaloons. The result of my manoeuvre delighted me. No longer was I disturbed by the half-hourly tramps, and our chickens began to grow fat and luscious-looking. I congratulated myself that I had at length freed myself from tramps.

Alas, I had forgotten the peripatetic one! As he was a regular visitor like my country relations, there was no throwing him off of the track by signs on the post. One morning when I was sitting near the front window, writing an ode to the bull-dozer, I saw an object, which was unmistakably a tramp, approach the gate. I prepared myself so that I could spring to the mirror as soon as he passed. Could I believe my eyes? He entered! Then I glanced at him more carefully, and discovered that he was my peripatetic visitor. There was no mistaking him. He was a little Irishman, with a turned-up nose, and a smiling face, and a mouth which, when opened, looked for all the world like those coal-holes which adorn the side-walks. He wore Joseph's coat, which he had probably purchased from some of Joseph's descendants in the Rue de Chatham. If it had not had arms in it, it would have passed for one of those patchwork quilts which our aunts in the country delight in concocting. The most remarkable thing about the man was his feet. How he carried both of them around on the same day I could not comprehend. I don't see why the fellow could not have made a very respectable living by renting out the soles of his shoes to schools, to be used for blackboards.

I sat there dolefully until he had departed. Then my sister-in-law, Georgie, entered the room.

"Did you see that poor fellow go out?" asked she.

"All of him that was above ground," answered I. "My eyes are not large enough to take in the feet too."

"The poor fellow wants work," said she: "and you might give him some."

"Give him some!" exclaimed I: "At what?"

"Why, as—well, as gardener."

"My dear Georgie," said I, taking a piece of paper and hurriedly running over the figures: "there are in our garden three dandelions and a peony. Now, that man could, in the course of a day, take those flowers and plant them upside down, and then reverse the process and plant them downside down, and so on, 13,467 times in one day; that is 80,802 times a week, not counting Sunday. By that time I really believe the flowers would be dead."

"That's always the way with you," said she, as she left the room.

It was evident to me that it was absolutely necessary that that tramp should be suppressed. Oh, I thought, if I only lived in Louisiana, where I could bull-doze him! However, I reflected that he would not return for seven days, and that meanwhile I could turn it over in my mind. On the sixth day I was just getting to a beautiful plan, while riding from the depot. I had almost got to it, when my coachman, whom I had not noticed particularly before, drove the wagon against a tree-box, knocked one of the wheels off, and dropped us both in the street. Then I found that he was as drunk as a lord, or any fellow who gets drunker than a lord. I discharged the fellow on the spot, and led my horse to the stable myself. That evening I received a telegraphic dispatch, announcing that the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Negroes in Senegambia would meet on the morrow. I was perpetual chairman, and was compelled to attend the meeting. I started on the early morning train, after feeding my horse, promising my wife that I would that evening hunt up a new coachman.

I attended the meeting of the society. The dinner was splendid; but, unfortunately, after paying for that, including the wine, there wasn't a penny left for the amelioration, etc. However there were good prospects that we would succeed in collecting from charitably inclined people sufficient funds to pay for the next quarterly dinner, and the meeting broke up in good spirits. When I reached my home my wife informed me that I need not trouble myself about looking up a coachman, as Georgie had found one who did the work splendidly.

In the morning I went out to the barn in order to introduce myself to the new coachman, and to find out whether or not he intended to put me on a footing of equality. He was standing at the stable door. Surely, thought I, I know that face, and surely that coat once adorned my back, and those unmentionables were accustomed to cling to my limbs. Just at that moment he opened his mouth. It looked exactly like an open coal hole of a reduced size, such as might be used in one of those doll houses you see in the stores. Then, unconsciously, my eyes strayed to his feet. The mystery was solved. While I had been looking after the amelioration, etc., they had changed my peripatetic tramp into my coachman.

BABY'S PETITION.

Life is restless, days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but die in teething;
Warning take, all friends and mothers,
Watch the precious girls and brothers;
Read the home life of Victoria,
Children nine, all had CASTORIA;
No sleepless nights, by baby squalling,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

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WE ARE preparing a **Punsters' Handbook** for the use of new aspirants for paragraphic fame. When the "great American humorist" in embryo sees a patch-work paragraph in an exchange, built by a dozen different brilliant wits—a paragraph, for instance, on Boston, with its Hub-bub, good felloes, spokesmen, never tire, for wheel or whoa, a wag-on the press, axle lot of questions, hold your tongue, etc.—when he sees such an effort, he is seized with an irresistible desire to "catch on" with a pun of the same genus; but the pun for which he reaches may be so elusive, coy, and retiring, that he grabs for the unattainable. It is for the benefit of such punsters the Handbook is designed. The annexed brace of specimens will show the character of the work:

Undertaker.—Shrouded in mystery; ap-palling; a grave subject; tomb much; a coffin fit; it is cemetery-al; brought to his bier; bury good; don't re-hearse any more; corse jokes; a little morgue gravity, please; don't feel so "stiff" about it; ghoul long with such non-sense, etc.

Dressmaker.—Only sew sew; basque in her smiles; a-hem; a needles remark; of corset it is; ruffle her temper; all tucked out; jabot in his eye; a binding agreement; gusset 'll do; seams sew; a waste of time; don't train in that crowd; an un-bias-ed opinion; give him the sacque; up-braid her; such puns are enough to make an ap'-ron, etc.

In addition to the foregoing samples, the book will contain all the possible puns on such subjects as the wasp, the goat, eggs, oysters, poker, the mother-in-law, the mule, comets, fowls, sea-serpant, Jonah, and more than one hundred others in daily paragraphic use. If our cotermporaries will kindly allude to the Handbook as a highly immoral publication, not fit to be read aloud in the family circle—of a variety theatre—and call upon Anthony Comstock to suppress it, the work will have an immense sale.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WHAT would you do for a sore throat?" asked J. of his friend H. "As you are not likely to get anything," replied H.: "I'd advise you to give it away for nothing, and be glad to get rid of it."—*Phil. Sunday Item.*

BEST place to drown a cat—in the water pitcher.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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OLD SI'S UMBRELLA.

During the rain the other day, Old Si laid his umbrella down on a counter in a store. When he got ready to go out the article was missing. He turned to some darkies near him and said:

"Whar's dat umbreller dat I put dare on dat counter?"

"We didn't see hit," replied one.

"Mebbe so, but I mightily 'spects dat some ob yer felt hit."

"No, we didn't, needer."

"Don't yer fool wid me, now, 'kass I hain't 'gwine to git out no hapus corpis for dat umbreller—"

"Here's yer parasol, Si!" said the merchant, who had put it down to keep the drippings off the counter.

"Ah! dat's all right, boss; but dis here on-sartiness 'bout the wharabouts ob a umbreller sorter riles a man. I was jess gittin' ready, ef one ob dese niggers got away wid dat awnin', ter roll him in dat water out dar tell steam wouldn't start on him ef yer sot him agin a house afire!"—*Atlanta Herald.*

It is said that in Maine herrings are put up in tin boxes and labeled "sardines." It is wrong, of course; but as long as sardines taste of nothing but olive oil and fish-pickle, it doesn't make much difference to the purchaser whether he gets the genuine or imitation article, provided the oil is all right.—*Norristown Herald.*

SOMEBODY went to a music teacher's room while he was out, and put a cat with her tail in a steel trap. And of course the cat complained, and everybody said: "Goodness, he must have a girl in there practising grand opera."—*Boston Post.*

[Saginaw Daily News.]

Mr. George Schick informed our reporter, that he had been suffering with rheumatism in his feet so badly, that for weeks at a time he would be unable to leave his bed. He tried various remedies without relief, and concluded to use St. Jacobs Oil. It acted like magic. In two days he was entirely cured.

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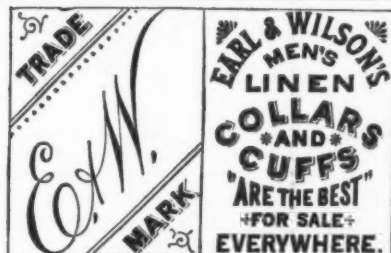
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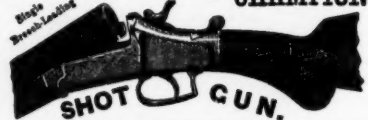
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THEY HAD not spoken for several minutes. She sat with her hands clasped, her starry orbs fixed on that quarter of the heavens where the bright pavilion of the setting sun was fluttering its gorgeous draperies above the bosky summits of the distant hills, while her soul waltzed out beneath her eyelids as if to mingle with the glowing baldrick of the dazzling scene. Finally he dared to murmur:

"May I speak to you?"

"Yes."

"What are you thinking about?"

She turned her eyes from the brilliant pageant, and, fixing them on his face with a look of sad injury, said:

"What is the best thing to remove dandruff?"

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

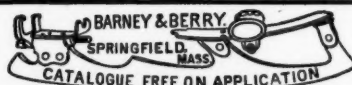
THE SON of an English Admiral, who has for several years past been following the profession of a tramp, has just been released from prison at Hermandville, Miss., where he has been incarcerated for stealing a mule. His grandfather led an important fleet at Trafalgar, under Nelson. Had this poor wretch been the son of a sham Admiral he would have put on airs and married an heiress.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A WESTERN coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from exposure. "What do you mean by that?" asked a relative of the dead man. "There are two bullet-holes in his skull." "Just so," replied the coroner: "he died from exposure to bullets."—*S. F. News Letter.*

A SHOE HORN—A sherry cobbler.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

[Logan, (Ohio) Hocking Sentinel.]
Hocking Valley News.

In the absence of anything startling or terrific—politics and the exploits of the army worm excepted—news from this delightful valley will not prove nerve-tingling. However, an item of very great importance to many people is communicated by Mr. F. Harrington, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, of Logan, who thus writes: Mr. Alex. McClurg, Union Furnace, states that his wife had been afflicted with Rheumatism for the last twenty-five years, being unable to walk without canes or other help the most of that time; has now used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and walks not only about the house, but also in the fields without any help.



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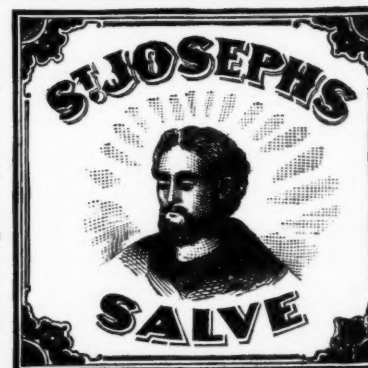
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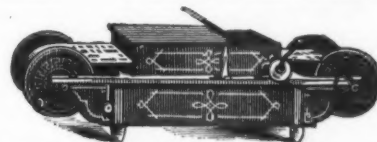
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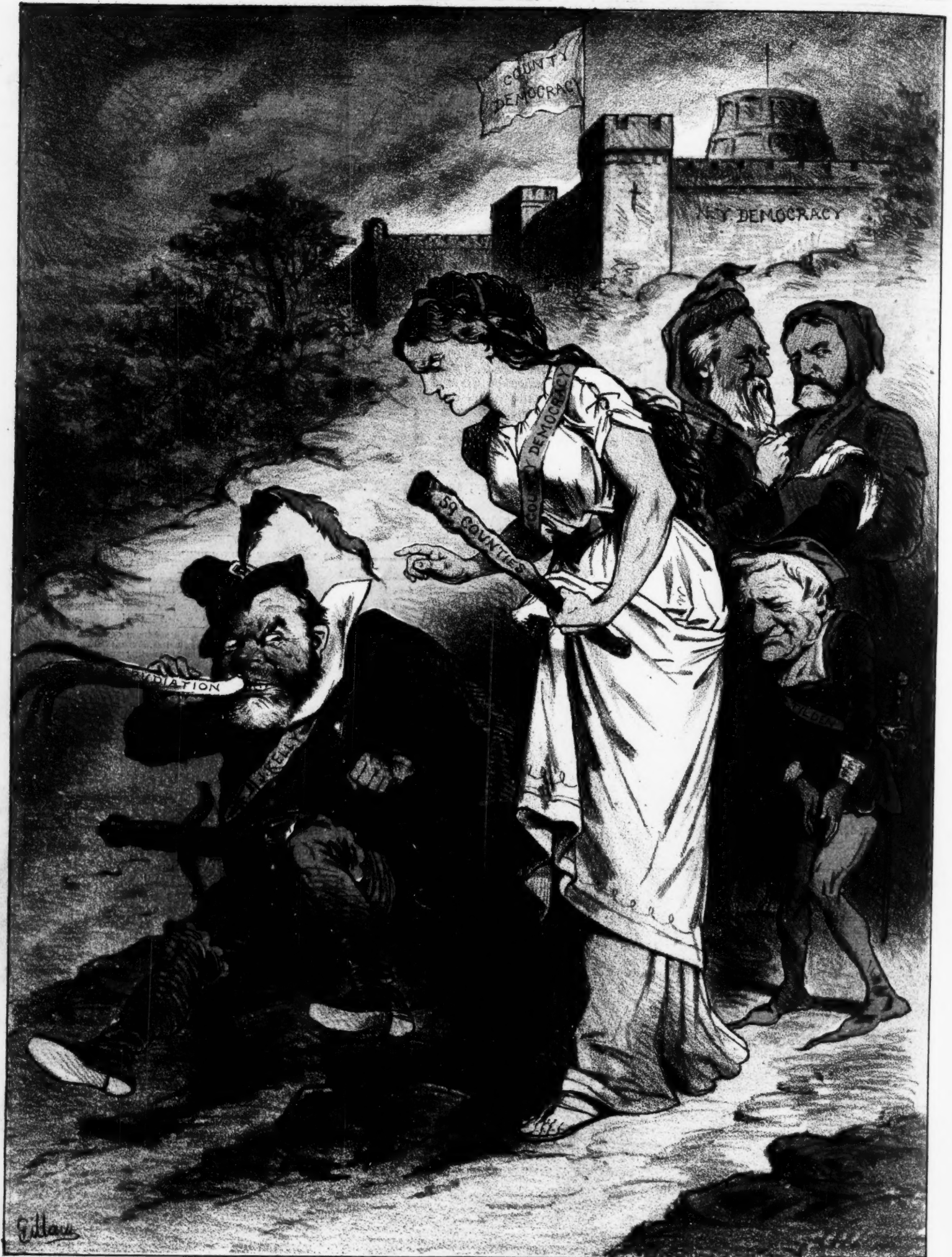
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